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LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I leave a tender record on this page,
That it may often greet thy gentle eyes,
And win, perchance, a flashing glance from them,
Telling of kind and pleasant memories
Of one, whose pen but feebly can express
Thy great desert, and his unworthiness.

A record of the bright hours passed with thee,
Which seemed but instants in their rapid flight;
So wonderful the spell thy presence worked,
That time was nothing but one swift delight.
But though its moments passed me quickly
by,
They leave me food for years of memory.

Were I a Painter, I would throw my soul
Into the canvas—bid thy beauties live
And breathe again.—Perpetuate the grace
Which Nature's bounteous hands but rarely
give
To human form. But thine the varying
charm
To baffle Art, and cunning skill disarm.

Were I a Minstrel, I would sing thy praise—
In softest, sweetest flow of melody;
I'd hymn it in triumphal choral song,
And wake the chords of heaven's grand har-
mony,
Till angels should take up the fervent strain,
And distant stars re-echo it again.

Were I a Poet, every word should be
A touch of fire, to kindle passionate thought;
Each line should be a bright imagining
With deepest, tenderest devotion fraught.
And soul should speak to soul, and mine to
thine,
Those words which change the earthly to
divine.

But I am neither Painter, Minstrel, Bard!
I cannot sound the mysteries of Art,
I only feel the inspiration pure
Which springs up from the worship of the
heart,
For one dear idol—shrined all else above,
And gloried by truthful, manly love.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

Another land-mark is gone!
Last Saturday morning, as many a theatre-
goer was consuming his matutinal meal and pre-
paring himself for the labors of the day, the
Winter Garden was destroyed by fire.

The loss of this establishment will be greatly
felt by New York amusement seekers, as, under
the skillful management of Messrs. Stuart and
Booth, the Winter Garden was earning for itself
the enviable reputation of being the most impor-
tant repository of the "legitimate" in the city.
The late Shakspearian revivals had given it a
prestige attained by no other theatre. Gotten
up with sound judgment, good taste and utterly

regardless of expense, these same revivals could
fairly compete with the former efforts of Charles
Kean, who first introduced to the New York pub-
lic that correctness of costume and scenery
which in this later day were so admirably dis-
played by Mr. Booth.

The theatre is now a total loss. Charred and
tottering walls are now smouldering where but a
little week ago all was beauty, elegance and re-
finement. The fire-fiend hovers around the place
and chuckles over his work. Venice, Padua,
Rome, are all consumed in the devouring ele-
ment, and where once stood the Place of St.
Marc, the Roman Forum and the Hall of Justice,
is but a blackened mass of timber and ashes.

Among the heaviest losers by the fire is Mr.
Booth, who, but a few weeks before the disas-
trous occurrence, had purchased from Mr. J. S.
Clarke his share of the establishment, paying
therefor the sum of \$10,000. In addition to this,
several relics of Mrs. Siddons, John Philip Kem-
ble, the elder Booth, and the late J. W. Wallack,
were destroyed, as well as an elaborate Othello
costume, intended for the revival of next season,
and costing somewhere in the neighborhood of
\$8,000.

The Winter Garden has probably seen within
its walls some of the proudest dramatic triumphs
of the city. Few play-goers will forget the glo-
rious "combination" that played here during
the management of the late W. E. Burton, when
Burton, J. W. Wallack, Chas. Matthews, Fisher,
Geo. Jordan, Mrs. Lizzie Weston Davenport,
Mrs. Wallack and Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow de-
lighted the town by their admirable performance
of Shakspearian plays.

Here too, Mr. and Mrs. Bourcicault, Charlotte
Cushman, Mrs. John Wood, Blake, Jefferson,
Brougham, Holland, T. B. Johnston, Mark
Smith, J. H. Stoddard, Matilda Heron and Sara
Stevens have achieved some of their greatest
successes.

Here, above all places in the city, has the
"immortal bard" been presented to the public
in a fitting garb. Here have we laughed over
the monstrosities of Sir Toby Belch, sympathised
with the patriotic sentiments of Massaniello,
cursed the arch traitor Wat Tyler, shrunk with
horror from Meg Merriles, rejoiced at the discom-
fiture of Fagin, roared over the vagaries of the
Jeffersonian Mazeppa, sat entranced at the phi-
losophy of Hamlet, and, in short, here have been
spent some of the happiest moments of the cri-
tic's life.

And now what is it? A heap of blackened
ruins.

Vanitas Vanitatum!

When Mr. Robinson announced "A New Way
to Pay Old Debts," for his benefit on Wednesday
evening, that learned and discriminating body,
the New York public, made up its mind the per-
formance would be a failure. As is often the
case with the predictions of the distinguished
body above referred to, the result proved exactly
to the contrary.

Mr. Robinson's Sir Giles, although not a start-
lingly great performance, is still one that fairly
entitles him to a high rank among the tragedians
of the present day.

Never exaggerated he is still powerful, al-
though colloquial he is still intense.

But the principal drawback is that this power
and intensity is not carried quite far enough. Mr.
Robinson is essentially a comedy actor, and in
that line has achieved a reputation well worthy
his merits, it is hardly to be supposed, therefore,
that in the arduous role of Sir Giles, he should
have entirely succeeded, and when I say that he
got through the part with evident satisfaction to
the large audience who were present, I but say
that he far exceeded the warmest expectations of
his friends and admirers.

The gentleman has never before had an oppor-
tunity to thoroughly display his powers but now
that he has a part which affords him full scope,
he has entirely established the fact that he is a
thoroughly great actor. An actor of versatility,
power, and genius. An actor, in short, who
should be looked upon as a pride to the New York
stage.

To-night Mr. J. W. Wallack makes his farewell
bow, and next week we are promised a new play
from the prolific pen of the unterrified Bourci-
cault, entitled "Hunted Down," of which report
speaks well.

"Jeanie Deans" was revived at the New York
Theatre on Wednesday evening, Miss Rose
Eyttinge, a deservedly popular actress, appearing
in the title part. Of which more next week.

The Thalia Theatre, having recovered from its
late German attack, has again passed into the
hands of Manager Wood, a sensation play, from
the pen of Mr. Schonberg, entitled "Oscar, the
Half Blood," being the opening piece. Of which
also more next week.

Also more next week of Miss Maggie Mitchell,
who is announced to give her first chirp as "Fan-
chon, the Cricket," next Monday evening, at the
Broadway Theatre.

SHUGGE.

NEW BOOKS.

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF DAVID COPPERFIELD,
by CHARLES DICKENS. With original illustra-
tions by S. Eyttinge, Jr. Ticknor & Fields,
Boston.

The third number of the Diamond Edition of
Charles Dickens' works has just been issued by
Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. It contains the
whole of "David Copperfield," very ably illus-
trated by S. Eyttinge, Jr. These illustrations pre-
sent a nicer appreciation of character than we
find in those of the previous volumes. The female
portraits are charming, and faithfully realize the
written description. That of Miss Mowcher is
admirably characteristic.

This Diamond Edition is exceedingly beautiful
in type, paper and binding, and will assuredly
command a vast sale throughout the country.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, Ticknor & Fields, for
April, is before us, and its contents are unusually
varied and interesting. Among the lighter arti-
cles are two clever papers, one on the late Ches-
ter Harding, the painter, and another on Ristori,
the latter a noble tribute to her unquestionable
greatness. We also find "The Guardian Angel,"
by O. W. Holmes, continued, and increasing in
interest. A clever poem by H. Rich, "The Rest-